

• SERIAL STORY

PLAY BY PLAY

BY PAUL DAVID PRESTON

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THIS STORY: Blythe Miller, ambitious, follows a stranger to the apartment of Nancy Hale at Lincoln Field. Nancy is a pretty young widow of a soldier, and was brought to the field with her young son, homeless and penniless, after being hurt in an auto accident. She falls in love with Eugene Hogan, a star of the football team coached by Blythe's father, Pop Miller. Blythe also loves Eugene and is jealous. But her jealousy is forgotten in favor of curiosity when, listening from the stairway, she hears the stranger offer Nancy \$1000.

CHAPTER XII

IT was strictly 100 per cent none of Blythe's business. Her own conscience told her that. Her sense of guilt jabbed at her like an angry Jimmy Cricket. She was more than butting in, she was downright snooping. And yet—

Girls and women have a peculiar sixth sense which the scientists don't explain, and which men (when they experience it) call masculine brains. Pop had often wiscracked about it, Blythe remembered; teased her about it, when she complimented his astuteness at dishing out football games. Right now, she didn't try to analyze it. She just stood still and listened to the conversation up there at the head of the stairs.

"What in the world are you talking about?" Nancy Hale was obviously astounded. The overcast man kept on in his voice. "Now, now, sister! Take it easy, and understand! A 'ousand bucks don't grow on bushes. But you got it here right in your hand. See?"

"But—but—" "How much pay you got being a sten. huh? Maybe one hundred. Say one fifty. Huh! A lousy 1800 bucks a year! But here's pretty near a year's pay, and you can earn it for working on the quiet just one hour. Easy!"

There was a pause. Perhaps to let his temptation sink in. Blythe's curiosity, like a steam valve, was nearing the point of explosive pressure. Curiosity and intuitive fear combined. Fear for what? For Nancy. For Pop. For the Lincoln field, and the Lincoln team. For herself. Or—for something! She couldn't have pinned it down.

THE voice became lower, more ingratiatingly intimate. "I—body seen me come here. Nobody'll see me go away. Understand? Now look, you got a little kid to support. Cute little boy—yee-a-a-ah!" The last was disgustingly unctuous in tone. Unctuous and brassy. "You ain't got no jack to speak of. No husband. No future, eh? Unless—look, not even a drop of danger in this. Ain't like we was asking you to do a big job with the mob or something, or even work downtown. What you do is right here in your living room. Home work, yee-a-a-ah!" He tacked on a throaty chuckle.

"Please—what is it all about?" Nancy pleaded that.

"You wanta take up the proposition?" "It's a chance to earn a thousand dollars, of course I do. Do you want to come in and sit down?"

"Not me, sis!" He spoke warily. "Don't need to. But okay—look. I represent the boys, see? The boys downtown."

"What boys?" "Oh, some of the boys. Buncha fellows. Good jobs, see? You'd like 'em, yee-a-a-ah. They'd like you. They said so. You might wanta git acquainted later. Be worth your while, see? Girl with your looks. Your brains. Yee-a-a-ah! Like you myself!"

He added that last as if it were the ultimate compliment he could pay Nancy. Blythe peeked up around the stairway L again, cautiously. Sure enough, he wore the silly grin that predatory men use when approaching a woman. Blythe herself had seen it. It added to her apprehension now. Apprehension for Nancy and everything else.

"Are you—is that what you meant?" Nancy emphasized the "that," hard tone. "No, no—wait! Don't git me wrong! I was just telling you; I like you, see? Like you myself. You got what it takes. But I ain't—"

"All right for that part. I suppose I feel honored, having a man tell me he likes me. But what has it to do with the money, may I ask?"

Blythe felt surprised that Nancy could be so cool. She herself would have been jittery under such circumstances, she knew. But then—Nancy Hale was a few years older. Older, and far more experienced. Nancy had been married. Nancy's husband had been slain at Pearl Harbor. Nancy had had a baby, had fought the hunger wolf for months, had been in an automobile wreck that might have killed her, had swung high and swung low in the scale of human emotions. It all made Blythe regard the other girl with a kind of awe. She strained again to hear how Nancy would handle this acute situation.

"Now listen," the man said, still oily. "You know my name and I don't know yours," Nancy pointed out. "My name don't matter. Just say I'm a friend. Maybe later, we can git acquainted—like to take you, see? Out sometimes—yee-a-a-ah! But right now it's business, see?"

"Will you please come to the point?" "How's about it? You want the dough?" "Of course I want money. I need it."

Blythe felt a tinge of new excitement, too. "What do you mean?" Nancy demanded. "I don't like—" "Okay, okay, I'm just warning you. We got ripped last week, and we're getting that cared for, in due time. That Miller—but look. Here's what you gotta do!"

THE word Miller froze Blythe. He must mean Pop! He must, truly, be associated some way with that fat envelope in Pop's desk, and with the rare anger she had discovered in Pop that day almost a week ago. Pop was home sick in bed today. This stranger had made an unmistakable threat against her Pop!

"Here's what you gotta do and you're gonna do it for the grand," the stranger was saying. Blythe heard every word. "The boys downtown like to have their own little games, see. Don't harm nobody. Matter of fact, don't make a damn in the long run who wins a football game. Forget in a week anyhow, ain't it? You know that?" He was being oily again. "Whole thing's done in fun out here. . . . Just kids playin', see. Not important, see. Game night's well go one way's another. Cadets, from all over. This school, and that. See what I mean? Now look—" Blythe strained, her pulse thumping like an ack-ack there in the dark hall.

"Look, what you gotta do is see to it the right side wins Thursday. The State game. We can fix it easy. You got them two Joes on your string. Hogan and Dana. They're the main aces, you know that, sister. All you gotta do is invite 'em both up here the night before, feed 'em a little quiet dinner, and drop a little rest pill in their tea! . . . Yeah-a-a-ah! Easy, see? Nobody ever know it. Do 'em no harm. Just slow 'em down for about a day, see? And one 'ousand bucks!"

(To Be Continued)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

WISCONSIN IS KNOWN AS THE **BADGER STATE**, NOT BECAUSE OF THE ANIMAL'S PREVALENCE THERE, BUT BECAUSE OF THE WAY MEN WHO WENT THERE TO WORK IN EARLY TIMES SURVIVED THE FIRST WINTER IN BURROWS INTO THE GROUND LIKE BADGER HOLES.

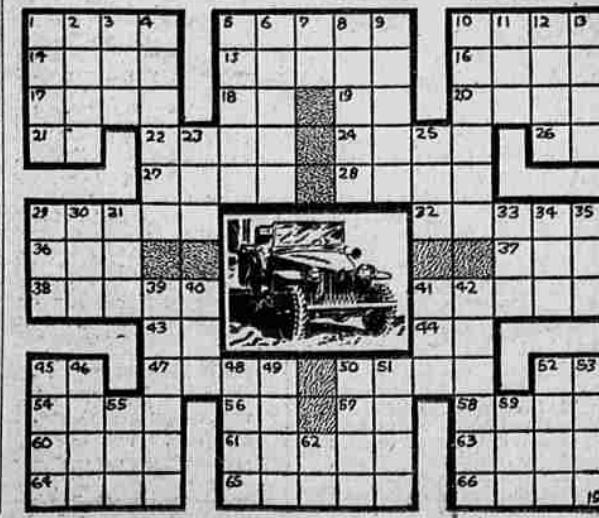


CAMELS HAVE TONGUES SO TOUGH THAT THEY CAN EAT PRICKLY PEAR CACTUS!



U. S. ARMY VEHICLE

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|--|----------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | Answer to Previous Puzzle | 10 Volcanic cavity. |
| 1 Pictured U. S. military vehicle. | 32 Negative. | 11 Atmosphere. |
| 5 It is a car. | 44 Music note. | 12 Stupefy. |
| 10 Money. | 45 King's College 66 It is an nurse (abbr.). | 13 Asiatic herb. |
| 14 Otherwise. | 47 Form of energy. | 23 Anger. |
| 15 Pertaining to blood. | 50 Tribe. | 25 Employ. |
| 17 Devours. | 52 Ue. | 29 Turf. |
| 18 Either. | 54 Particle. | 30 Color. |
| 19 Father. | 56 3.1416. | 31 Limb. |
| 20 Genus of plants. | 57 Behold! | 33 Japanese herb. |
| 21 Registered nurse (abbr.). | 58 Footless. | 34 Seed covering. |
| 22 Monkey. | 61 Car. | 35 Gold peg. |
| 24 Tarnish. | 63 Matgrass. | 39 Breathe in. |
| 26 Notary public (abbr.). | | 40 Pedal digit. |
| 27 Formerly. | | 41 Wing. |
| 28 Quiet. | | 42 Fruit. |
| 29 Part. | | 43 Ruler. |
| 32 Burst forth. | | 46 Church part. |
| 36 Belongs to us. | | 49 Row. |
| 37 Female deer. | | 50 Clothed. |
| 38 Resign. | | 51 Solitary. |
| 41 Dwelling. | | 52 Crawling animal. |
| | | 53 Small whirlpool. |
| | | 55 Neckwear. |
| | | 57 Part of "be" value. |
| | | 59 Standard of value. |
| | | 62 Perform. |



HOLD EVERYTHING!



Los Angeles covers an area of 451 square miles.

A Latin "pony" is a book of Latin translations.

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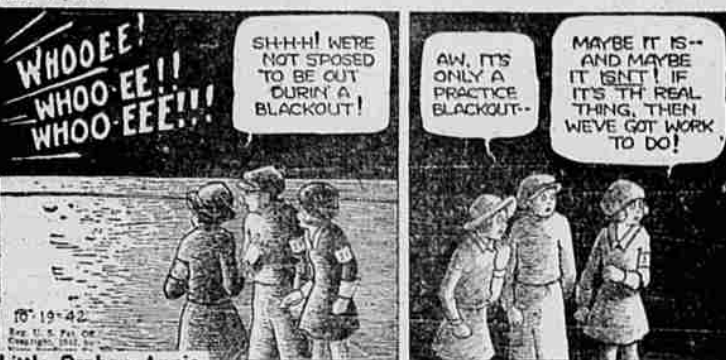
OREGON WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN



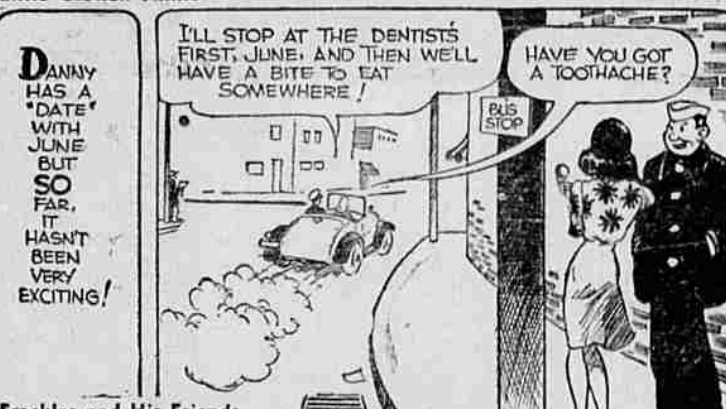
Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



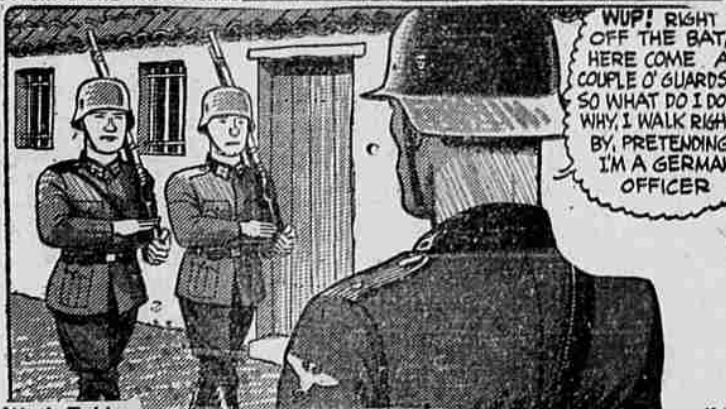
Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Red Ryder



Red Ryder



Red Ryder



Red Ryder



Red Ryder



Red Ryder